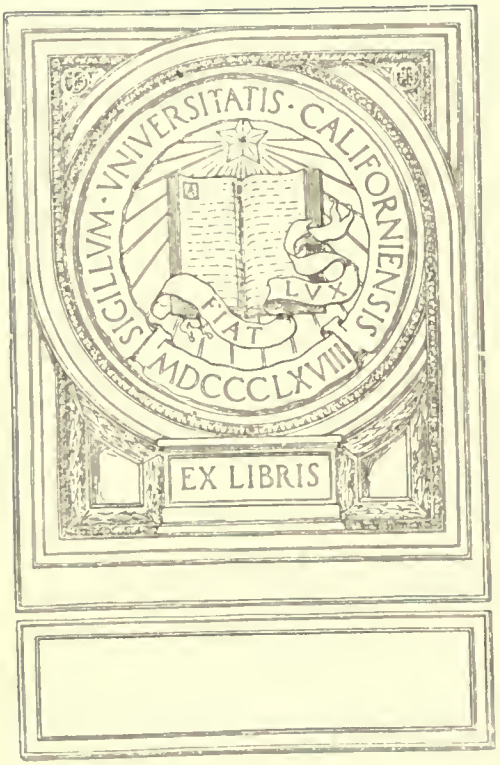
"The paths their feet have worn"

John G. Whittier

WHITTIER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"The paths their feet have worn."

Whittier.

Arranged by...
ANNA M. LUCY.

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"Go, find a place at home and hearth
Where'er thy singer's name is known;
Revive for him the kindly thought
Of friends; and they who love him not,
Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may take
The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy sake."

The Last Walk in Autumn.

M123580

The Whittier Birthplace.

"The old farm-house nestling in its valley, hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east; the small stream which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden-wall and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway; the oak forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon, the grass grown carriage-path, with its rude and crazy bridge, the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within which I have borne with me in all my wanderings."

Prose Works.—Yankee Gypsies

JOHNSON

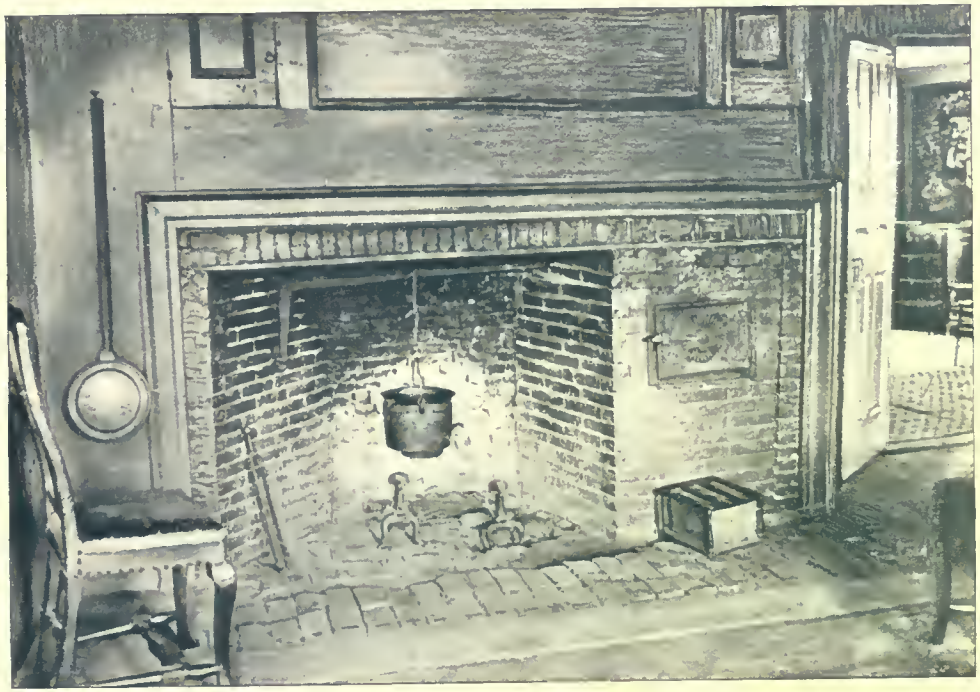
The Homestead Fireplace.

"The voices of that hearth are still."

"Sit with me by the homestead hearth
And stretch the hands of memory forth."

"We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom."

Snowbound.



The Brook.

East Haverhill.

"Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall."

The Barefoot Boy.

"The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone."

Snowbound.

The "Whittier Elm."

Near [illegible], Haverhill

"The tree my childhood loved is there."

The Missionary.

Country Bridge.
East Haverhill.

"The haunted bridge of the Country Brook."

The Home Coming of the Bride.

(Country Brook.) "It was, for the most part, a sober, quiet little river; but at intervals it broke into a low, rippling laugh over rocks and trunks of fallen trees. There had, so tradition said, once been a witch-meeting on its banks, of six little old women in short, sky-blue cloaks; and if a drunken teamster could be credited, a ghost was once seen bobbing for eels under Country Bridge. It ground our corn and rye for us, at its two grist-mills; and we drove our sheep to it for their spring washing, an anniversary which was looked forward to with intense delight, for it was always rare fun for the youngsters. This brook in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea."

Prose Works.—The Fish I didn't Catch.

Lake Kenoza.

Hav[illegible]

"Kenoza! [illegible]er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail,—
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil."

"Lake of the pickerel! let no more
The echoes answer back, 'Great Pond,'
But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore
And watching hills beyond."

Kenoza Lake.

Lake Saltonstall.

Haverhill.

"Her autumn leaves by Saltonstall."

Haverhill.

"Whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill."

Pentucket.

The Hannah Duston Monument.

"The far-famed Hannah Duston, (who while a captive of the Indians and maddened by the murder of her infant child, killed and scalped, with the assistance of a young boy, the entire band of her captors, ten in number)."

Prose Works.—The Boy Captives.

Four bronze relief tablets, inscribed:

(1.) Hannah Duston
was captured
by the Indians
in Haverhill
the place of her nativity
March 15, 1697

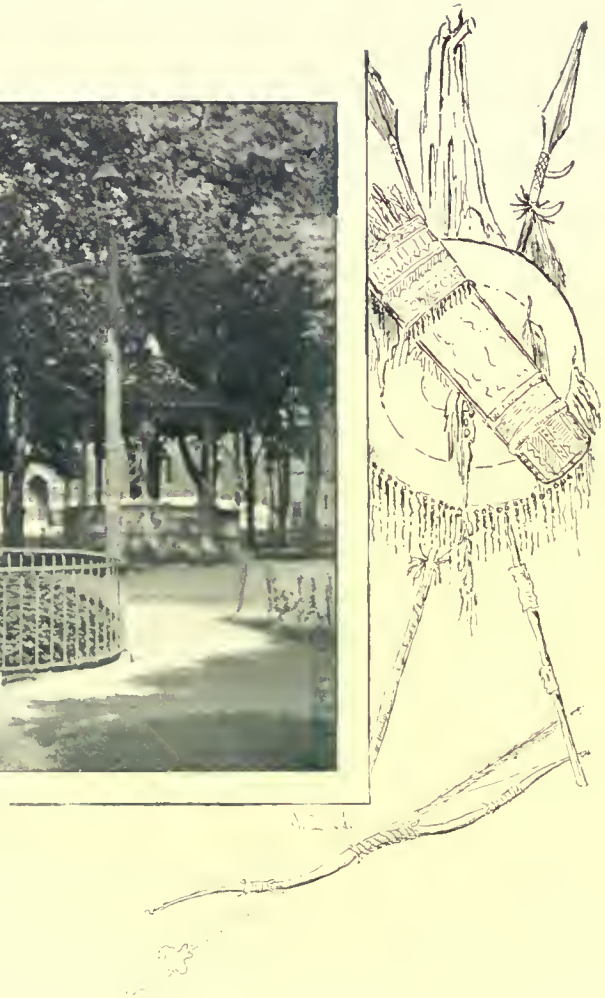
Erected A. D. 1874

(2.) Her husband's defence
of their children
against the pursuing
savages

(3.) Her slaying of her
captors at Contoocook
Island March 31, 1697
and escape

(4.) Her return

HANNAH DUSTON



Haverhill Public Library.

"Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves;
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.
As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke.
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,
The lords of thought await our call."

The Library.

Rolfe Tablet.

Entrance to the Old Burying Ground.

"Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell.
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice."

Pentucket.

Inscription on the Rolfe Tablet.

Benjamin Rolfe
The second minister of Haverhill
with his wife one child
and three soldiers were killed
near this spot by Indians
Aug. [illegible], 17[illegible].

Inscription on the Tablet at Entrance of Old Burying Ground.

Old Burying Ground
site of first meeting
house of Haverhill
1648 to 1700
and of first school and watch
house erected 1670.
Here lie the remains of most
of the early settlers of
Haverhill and many of
their descendants.

The Sycamores.
Water Street, Haverhill

"In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient Sycamores."

The Sycamores.

"The gulf of seven and fifty years
We stretch our welcoming hands across;
The distance but a pebble's toss
Between us and our youth appears
For in life's school we linger on
The remnant of a once full list;
Conning our lessons, undismissed,
With faces to the setting sun.
And some have gone the unknown way.
And some await the call to rest;
Who knoweth whether it is best
For those who went or those who stay?"

The Reunion.

"There are streams which are famous in history's story,
Whose names are familiar to pen and to tongue,
Renowned in the records of love and of glory,
Where knighthood has ridden and minstrels have sung;
Fair streams thro' more populous regions are gliding,
Tower, temple, and palace their borders adorning,
With tall-masted ships on their broad bosoms riding,
Their banners stretch'd out in the breezes of morning;
And their vales may be lovely and pleasant — but never
Was skiff ever wafted, or wav'd a white sail
O'er a lovelier wave than my dear native river,
Or brighter tides roll'd than in Merrimac's vale!"

The Vale of the Merrimac

Rocks Bridge.

A [illegible]

The Countess' Grave.

"The dark tunnel of the bridge."

"Yet pause by one low mound, and part
The wild vines o'er it laced,
And read the words by rustic art
Upon its headstone traced."

The Countess

Count Francois de Vipart came to the United States in the early part of the 19th century and took up his residence at Rocks Village on the Merrimack. There he was married to Mary Ingalls, a lovely young girl. She died on Jan. 5, 1807, about a year after the marriage and the reference in the poem is to her grave.

From photographs by T. H. Bailey, Haverhill, Mass.

"The Laurels."
On the Merrimack River.

"Hold in thy mirror, calm and deep,
The pleasant pictures thou hast seen.
Forget thy lovers not, but keep
Our memory like thy laurels green."

The Laurels.

From photograph by W. C. Thompson, Newburyport, Mass.

Whittier's Residence.

Corner of Pleasant and Friend Street, Amesbury, Mas.

"Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls."

The Last Walk in Autumn.

"My quiet room and fireside nook
Where the casement light falls dim and gray."

The Demon of the Study.

"What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!"

The Last Walk in Autumn.

Whittier's Garden.

"Home's green quiet."

The Rendition.

From photograph by W. C. Thompson.

The Friends' Meeting House.

[illegible]

"In calm and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue
Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!"

First-Day Thoughts.

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But nature is not solitude: . . .
And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room."

The Meeting.

The Statue of Josiah Bartlett.

At [illegible] was placed [illegible]

"O storied vale of Merrimac,
Rejoice through all thy shade and shine
And from his century's sleep call back
A brave and honored son of thine.

And thou, O Land he loved, rejoice
That in the countless years to come,
Whenever Freedom needs a voice,
These sculptured lips shall not be dumb!"

One of the Signers.

The Old Macey House.
Amesbury.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,
We would not be house-breakers;
A rueful deed thou'st done this day,
In harboring banished Quakers."

The Exiles.

From photograph by W. C. Thompson.

In Amesbury.

"There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

The Captain's Well.

The Captain Valentine Bagley House.

Amesbury

"I saw, as I prayed, my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door."

The Captain's Well.

In Amesbury.

"The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,
The tall slate stones of the burying ground,
The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill."

The Captain's Well.

The stone landmark on meeting-house hill is inscribed:

The first
Meeting House
in Amesbury
was erected on this spot
in the year 1665.

"The brook with its dam, and gray grist mill."

The Captain's Well

The Bagley Well.

Amelia Ney

" 'And here is the well I promised the Lord!'
And when a wayfarer weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not
For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;
'He don't know the value of water,' he said;
'Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,
He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well!' "

The Captain's Well.

Amesbury.

"And spring does not tarry
As it does at Amesbury."

To Lucy Larcom.

From photograph by W. C. Thompson

Amesbury.

"Po Hill is still on guard,
Looking land and ocean ward."

Abram Morrison.

"One Sabbath day my friend and I
After the meeting, quietly
Passed from the crowded village lanes,
White with dry dust for lack of rains,
And climbed the neighboring slope. . . .
We reached, at length, the topmost swell,
Whence, either way, the green turf fell
In terraces of nature down
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town
With white, pretenceless houses, tall
Church-steeples, and, o'ershadowing all,
Hugh mills whose windows had the look
Of eager eyes that ill could brook
The Sabbath rest. We traced the track
Of the sea-seeking river back
Glistening for miles above its mouth,
Through the long valley to the south."

Miriam.

Deer Island.

Near the mouth of the Merrimack River.

"Deer Island's rocks and fir-trees."

The Exiles

Chain-Bridge.

"The swinging chain-bridge."

The Preacher.

Hawkswood.
On the Merrimack

"Hawkswood's belt of trees."

Mabel Martin.

From photograph by W. C. Thompson.

Home of Harriet Prescott Spofford.

"I see thy home, set like an eagle's nest
Among Deer Island's immemorial pines."

To Harriet Prescott Spofford.

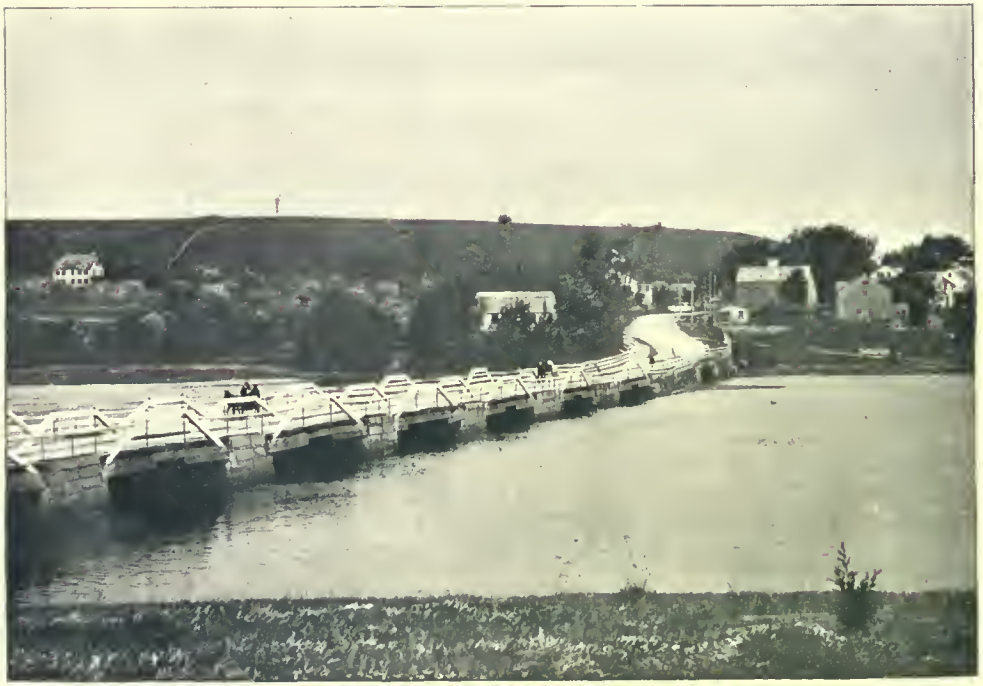
From photograph by W. C. Thompson.

Oldtown Hill and Parker River.
Near Amesbury.

"As long as sheep shall look from the side
Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide; . .
As long as Nature shall not grow old,
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,
And her care for the Indian corn forget,
And the yellow rows in pairs to set;—
So long shall Christians here be born,
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn!"

The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall.

From photograph by W. C. Thompson



Artichoke River.

[illegible]

"Pictured Artichoke."

June on the Merrimac.

From photograph by W. [illegible] Thompson

Curson's Mill.
Artichoke River.

"Curson's bowery mill."

June on the Merrimac.

From photograph by W. C. Thompson.

Powow River.

Near Am[illegible]

"The mirror of the Powow."

I Song of Harvest.

[illegible]

The Whitefield Church.

Newburyport, Mass.

George Whitefield, the [illegible] preacher, died in the house near the church [illegible] and was buried under the church which has [illegible] name.

"Awhile my friend with rapid search
O'erran the landscape. 'Yonder spire
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;
What is it, pray?' 'The Whitefield Church!
Walled about by its basement stones,
There rest the marvellous prophet's bones.'"

The Preacher

From photograph by W. C. Thompson.

Black Rocks and Plum Island.

Around the Black Rocks."

The Exile

"Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground."

The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall

"Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee."

Snowbound.

From photograph by W. C. Thompson.

"Three friends, the guests of summer time,
Pitched their white tent where sea-winds blew.
They rested there, escaped awhile
From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay."

James T. Fields

"One, with his beard [illegible] silvered, bore
A ready credence in his looks,
A lettered magnate, lording o'er
An ever-widening realm of books."

Bayard Taylor.

"And one, whose Arab face was [illegible]
By tropic sun and boreal frost,
So travelled there was scarce a land
Or people left him to exhaust."

John G. Whittier.

"And one there was, a dreamer born,
Who with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muse's haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill."

Tent on the Beach.

Referring to Salisbury Beach and vicinity.

Rivermouth Rocks.

"They saw not the Shadow that walked beside.
They heard not the feet with silence shod.
But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,
Shot by the lightnings through and through:
And muffled growls, like the growl of a beast,
Ran along the sky from west to east. . . . .
The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone
Dark films of rain cloud slantwise blown.
Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's glare,
The strife and torment of sea and air."

The Wreck of Rivermouth.

Oak Knoll.

Summer Street, Danvers, Mass

"Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?"

The Clear Vision.

From photograph by W. H. Halliday, Boston.

J.D.W.

Salem Witch House.

On Essex Street.

Front in 1850. Rear in original condition.

"In the witch-craft day."

The Demon of the Study.

From photographs by Moulton Photo. Co., Boston.

"On the rocks of Marblehead."

The Swan Song of Parson Avery.

Skipper Ireson's House and Fort Sewall.

Marblehead.

"The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead."

Skipper Ireson's Ride.

"I see the gray fort's broken wall."

A Sea Dream.

St. Michael's Church.
Marblehead.

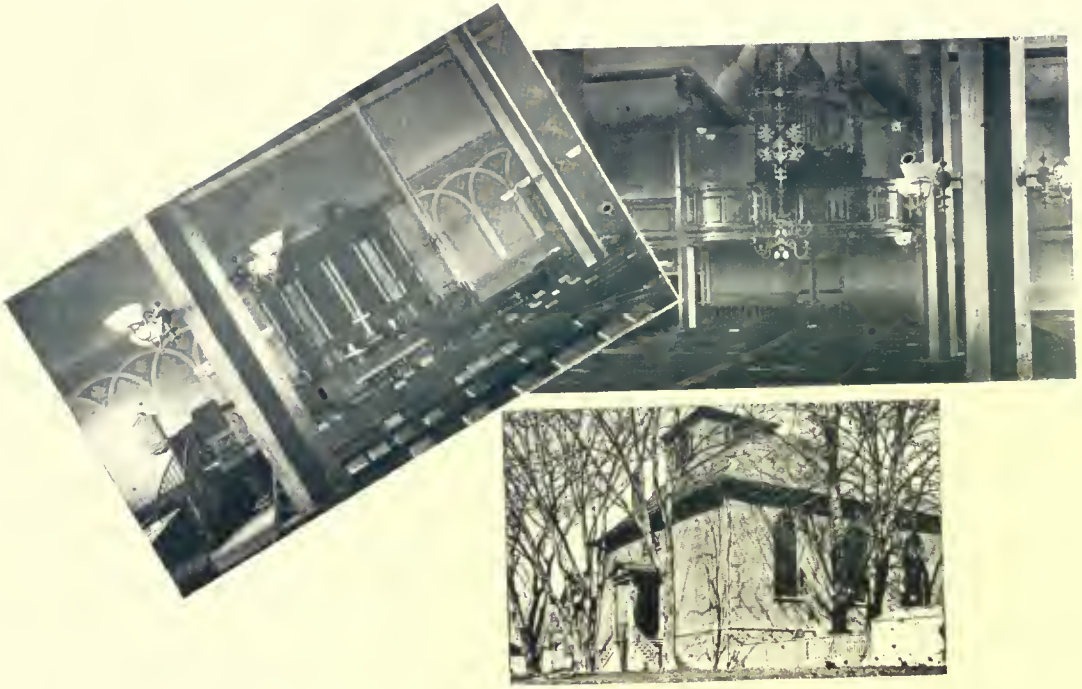
"Church to reverend memories dear
Quaint in desk and chandelier;

Loft, whose tiny organ kept
Keys that Snetzler's hand had swept;

Altar, o'er whose tablet old
Sinai's law its thunders rolled!"

The Landmarks.

From photographs by M. H. Graves, Marblehead, Mass.



"Among the legends sung or said
Along our rocky shore,
The Wishing Bridge of Marblehead
May well be sung once more."

The Wishing Bridge.

From photograph by Fred B. Litchman.

"Gloucester's harbor bar."

The Exiles.

Cape Ann,—Eastern Point Light.

Boar's Head.

Coast of Massachusetts

"On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood;
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story."

The Merrimack.

"East of the grisly Head of the Boar."

The Wreck of Rivermouth

"Unfathomed deep, unfetter'd waste
Of never-silent waves,
Each by its rushing follower chas'd."

Ocean

From photograph by Soule Photo. Co., Boston.

"Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,
Queen of the North, Quebec looks down."

The World's Convention.

From photograph by J. E. Livernois, Quebec.

Bald or Green Mountain.

Mount Desert Rock.

East Mt.

Within a few years, a movement has been made to change the name of Green Mountain, upon which John Greenleaf Whittier wrote "Mogg Megone" to Mount Whittier.

"On the Bald Mountain's shrubless brow
The gray and thunder-smitten pile
Which marks afar the Desert Isle."

"And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air,
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old."

Mogg Megone.

From photograph by Soule Photo Co., Boston

Baron de St. Castine.

"And with them one whose bearded cheek,
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of France.
A few long locks of scattering snow
Beneath a battered morion flow,
And from the rivets of the vest
Which girds in steel his ample breast,
The slanted sunbeams glance.
In the harsh outlines of his face
Passion and sin have left their trace;
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,
No signs of weary age are there.
His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
The lordly frame of old Castine."

Mogg Megone.

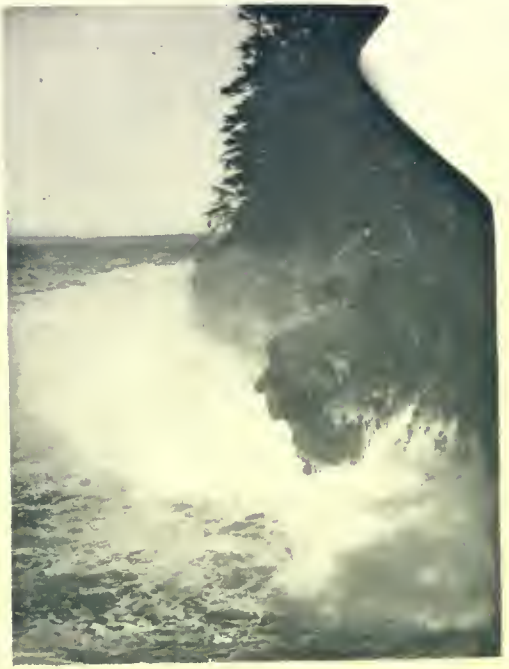
From photograph used by permission of Noah Brooks.

Main Street.
Winona Cliff.
Dice's Head Light.

Castine, Me.

"Castine's country."

Margaret Smith's Journal.



Penobscot River.

"Swift and strong, Penobscot passes
White with foamy falls."

The Lumbermen.

From photograph by W. G. Sargent, Castine, Me.

Mouth of the Penobscot River.

"The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with his own bright bay."

Mogg Megone.

From photograph by W. H. Sargent.

Wood Island.

"Has Scammian, [illegible] an Indian wife,
For vengeance left his vine-hung isle?"

Mogg Megone.

'What,' asked the Traveller, 'would our sires,
The old Norse story tellers, say
Of sun-graved pictures, ocean wires,
And smoking steamboats of today?'"

Kallundborg Church.

PENOBSCOT

Owl's Head Light.

Entrance to Rockland Harbor, Maine.

"From gray [illegible] g[illegible] r[illegible] n[illegible] [illegible]y [illegible]rift
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights
O hundred-harbored Maine."

The Dead Ship of Harpswell

Mt. Washington.
White Mountains New Hampshire.

Indian name.—Mt. Agiochook.

"Gray searcher of the upper air,
There's sunshine on thy ancient walls,
A crown upon thy forehead bare,
A flash upon thy waterfalls.
A rainbow glory in the cloud
Upon thine awful summit bowed."

Mt. Agiochook.

From photograph by J. A. McCormick, Boston.

Old Man of the Mountain.

White Mountains.

"Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone."

The Hill Top

From a copyrighted [illegible] H. G. Peabody, Boston

Lake Winnepesaukee.
Profile Rock.

"The Winnepesaukee shore."

(*Legend of the Lake*

Mt. Chocorua.

Carroll County, New Hampshire

There towered Chocorua's peak."

The Hill-Top.

From photograph by Soule Photo Co.

Sandwich Mountains.

Through Sandwich notch the west-wind sang.

Among the Hills.

From photograph by Soule Photo. Co., Boston.

The Pemigewasset River.

New Hampshire.

"The winding ways of Pemigewasset."

Revisited.

From photograph by C. M. Nelson, Plymouth.

Mt. Moosilauke.
Grafton County, New Hampshire.

"Moosehillock's mountain range."

The Bridal of Pennacook.

Squam Lake.
New Hampshire

"Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
Lay mountain-girdled Squam;
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles
Upon its bosom swam."

The Hill-Top.

From photograph by C. M. Nelson, Plymouth.

Nashua River.

. . . "Through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the
gentle Nashua flows."

Massachusetts to Virginia

In Lee.

New Hampshire

"In the woods of Lee."

A Memorial.

Wentworth Hall.
Portsmouth, N. H.

General Wentworth's House, 1750.

"Her home is brave in Jaffrey street
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown,—
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown."

Amy Wentworth

Home, Grave, and Monument

Of Ma[illegible] General John S[illegible]

[illegible] N H

"General Sullivan, of New Hampsire."

Prose Works.—The Black Men in the Revolution.

Inscription on the Monument:

In [illegible] of
J[illegible]
bor[illegible] 1740
died Jan[illegible] 1795

Erected by the state of New Hampshire upon the site of the [illegible] house under which was [illegible] the gunpowder taken from Fort William and Mary

SULLIVAN

Ma[illegible] G[illegible] J[illegible] S[illegible] with [illegible] Mary [illegible] N H [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] house. From [illegible] to Bo[illegible] and used by the Continental soldiers at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

"Yonder solitary pine
Is ringed below with flower and vine."

An Outdoor Reception.

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road."

"Within, the warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial."

In Schooldays.

"Passing through the woods for nearly half a mile."

Margaret Smith's Journal

State House, Public Library, Old North Church,
"Bridge of Size," (Public Gardens.)

"In Boston town."

The Pine Tree.
Calf in Boston.

The Emancipation Group.

Park Square, Boston.

Unveiled Dec. 9, 1879.

"Take the worn frame, that rested not
Save in a martyr's grave —
The care-lined face, that none forgot,
Bent to the kneeling slave.
Let man be free! The mighty word
He spake was not his own;
An impulse from the Highest stirred
These chiselled lips alone,
We rest in peace where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife, and pain;
His was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain."

The Emancipation Group.

LINCOLN

Faneuil Hall.

Grass-hopper weathervane.

"Dreaded more than steel or ball,
Shall your calmest utterance be,
Heard from Faneuil Hall!"

To Faneuil Hall.

From photographs from Alden Studio, Boston.

Old South Meeting House.
Boston.

"In the heart of Boston town
Stands the church of old renown."

The Landmarks.

"So, long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South Church
And plead for the rights of all."

In the "Old South."

GRAND TRUNK
RAILWAY

Beacon Street Residence of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Boston.

Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,
In differing moods and ways,
May prove to those who follow in our train
Not valueless nor vain."

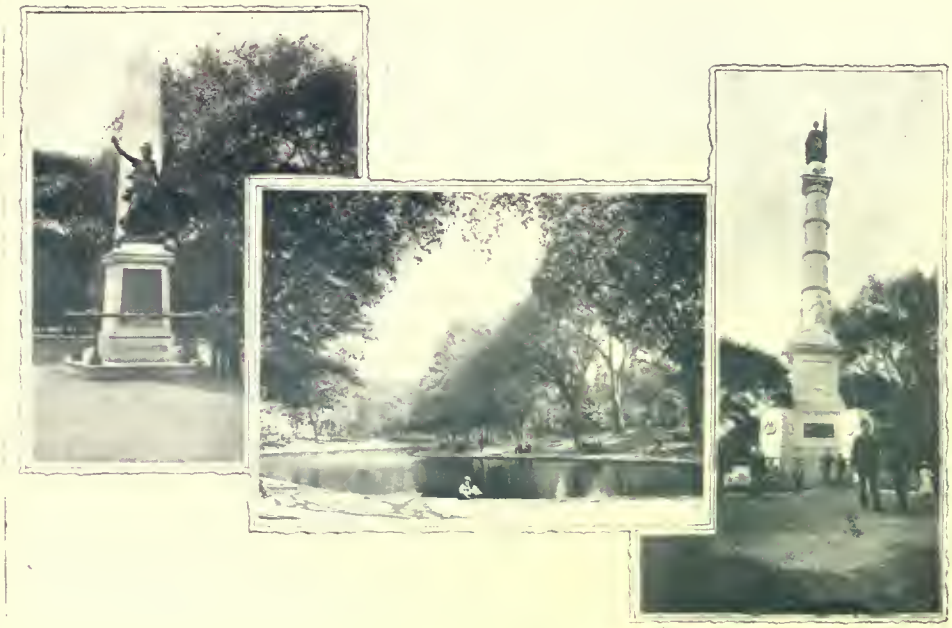
To Oliver Wendell Holmes

"On Boston Common."

The Pastoral Letter.

"I like Boston Common because they hung some Quakers there once upon a time."

Kennedy's John G. Whittier, the Poet of Freedom, "Friendship and Opinion."



Penobscot River, Maine.
Charles River, Mass.
Norumbega Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

"Not on Penobscot's wooded bank the spires
Of the sought City rose, nor yet beside
The winding Charles, nor where the daily tide
Of Naumkeag's haven rises and retires,
The vision tarried; but somewhere we knew
The beautiful gates must open to our quest, . . .
And, lo! at last its mystery is made known —
Its only dwellers maidens fair and young,
Its Princess such as England's Laureate sung;
And safe from capture, save by love alone,
It lends its beauty to the lake's green shore,
And Norumbega is a myth no more."

Norumbega Hall.

Residence of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
Cambridge, Mass.

"With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday."

The Poet and the Children.

"Hushed now the sweet consoling tongue
Of him whose lyre the Muses strung;
His last low swan-song has been sung!"

On a Fly-leaf of Longfellow's Poems.

From photographs by Soule Photo. Co.

Elmwood.

Residence of James Russell Lowell, Cambridge

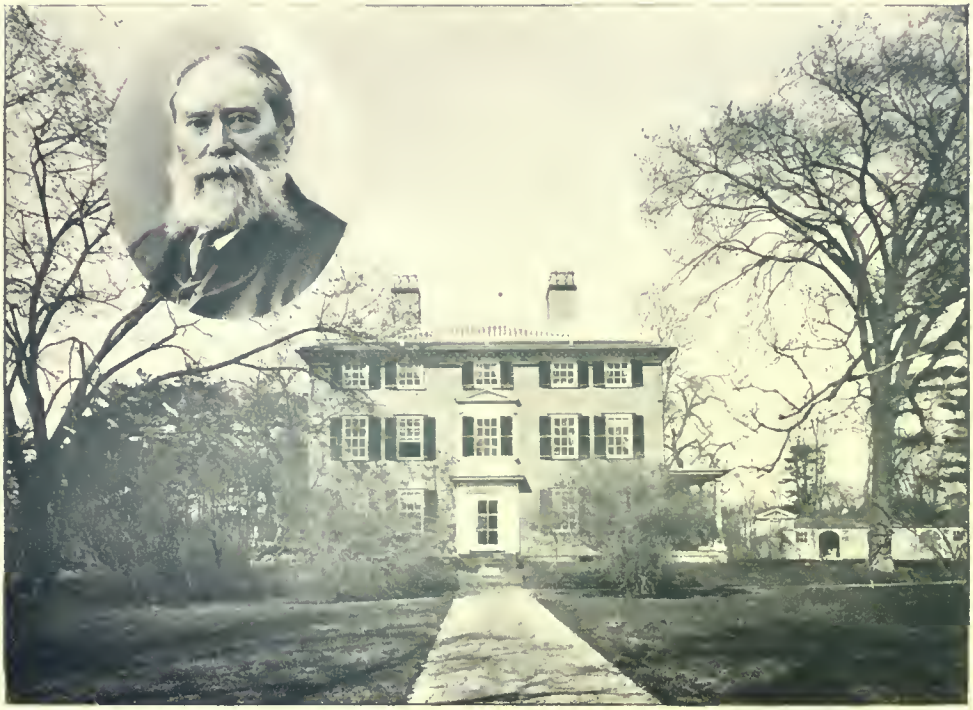
"Come back, dear Russell Lowell,
To Elmwood's waiting shade!"

A Welcome to Lowell.

"From purest wells of English undefiled
None deeper drank than he, the New World's child,
Who in the language of their farm-fields spoke
The wit and wisdom of New England folk."

James Russell Lowell.

From photographs by Soule Photo. Co.



Bunker Hill Monument.

Charlestown, Mass.

Lexington Common.

Lexington, Mass.

A boulder marks the line of the Minute Men, on this boulder are graven Captain Parker's instructions to his men.

Statue of the Minute Man.

Concord, Mass.

"The voice of free, broad Middlesex, — of thousands
as of one, —
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington."

Massachusetts to Virginia.

"Of man for man the sacrifice,
All that was theirs to give, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies."

Lexington.

STAND YOUR GROUND
DON'T FIRE UNLESS FIRED UPON
BUT IF THEY MEAN TO HAVE A WAR
LET IT BEGIN HERE

Concord River.

"The winding Concord."

A Welcome to Lowell.

From photograph by W. H. Halliday.

Henry Wilson.

"He felt his country's need; he knew
The work her children had to do;
And when, at last, he heard the call
In her behalf to serve and dare,
Beside his senatorial chair
He stood the unquestioned peer of all."
Wilson.

Charles Sumner.

"O State so passing rich before,
Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?
The world that counts thy jewels o'er
Shall longest pause at SUMNER'S name!"
Sumner.

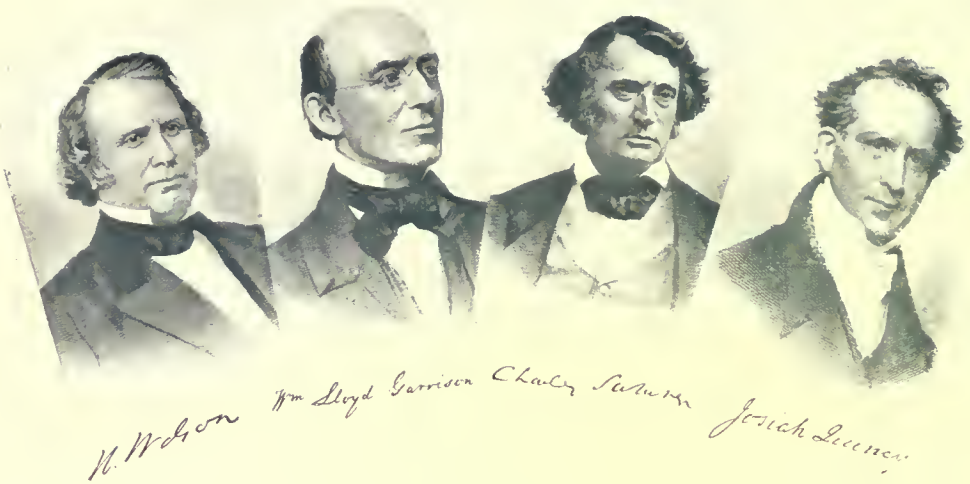
Josiah Quincy.

"Lawyers . . . . like Quincy."
The Panorama.

William Lloyd Garrison.

"Champion of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
I see thee fearless stand."
To William Lloyd Garrison.

"Not for thyself, but for the slave
Thy words of thunder shook the world;
No selfish griefs or hatred gave
The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled."
Garrison.


H. Wilson
Wm Lloyd Garrison
Charles Sumner
Joseph Lovering

William Cullen Bryant.

"We speak his praise who wears today
The glory of his seventy years.
When Peace brings Freedom in her train,
Let happy lips his songs rehearse."

Bryant on his Birthday.

Lucy Larcom.

"Believe me, Lucy Larcom, it gives me real sorrow
That I cannot take my carpet bag and go to town to-morrow;
But I'm 'snow-bound,' and cold on cold, his[illegible] layers of autumn,
Have piled my back and weighed me down as with the pack of Bunyan. . . . .
So I must stay in Amesbury, and let you go your way,
And guess what colors greet your eyes, what shapes your steps delay."

Letter to Lucy Larcom.

Celia Thaxter.

"And glad of heart I whispered, 'Be to her,
Bird of the summer sea, my messenger;
Tell her, if heaven a fervent prayer will grant,
This light that tells her island home above
Making its slopes of rock and greenness gay,
A partial glory midst surrounding gray,
Shall prove an earnest of our Father's love,
More and more shining to the perfect day.'"

Lines on Leaving Appledore.

Plymouth.
Mass

"The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows."

Revisited.

"Plymouth's rocky bound."

Massachusetts to Virginia.

From photographs by A. S. Burbank, Plymouth.

Pilgrim Rock.
Plymouth.

"The Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone."

John Underhill.

From photographs by A. S. Burbank.

"From the shore
Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar
Of the long-breaking surf."

Amy Wentworth.

The Old Moll Pitcher House.
Lynn, Mass.

"Even she, our own weird heroine,
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,
Sleeps calmly where the living laid her,
And the wide realm of sorcery,
Left by its latest mistress free,
Hath found no gray and skilled invader."

Extract from "A New England Legend," originally a part of "Moll Pitcher."

Mt. Wachuset.
Worcester County, Ma

"By Wachuset's wooded side."

The Familist's Hymn.

From photograph by J. A. McCormick.

Elm Park.
Worcester, Mass.
Greylock Mountain.
Berkshire Hills, Mass.

"Rich and rural Worcester."

Massachusetts to Virginia.

"Berkshire's tallest peak."

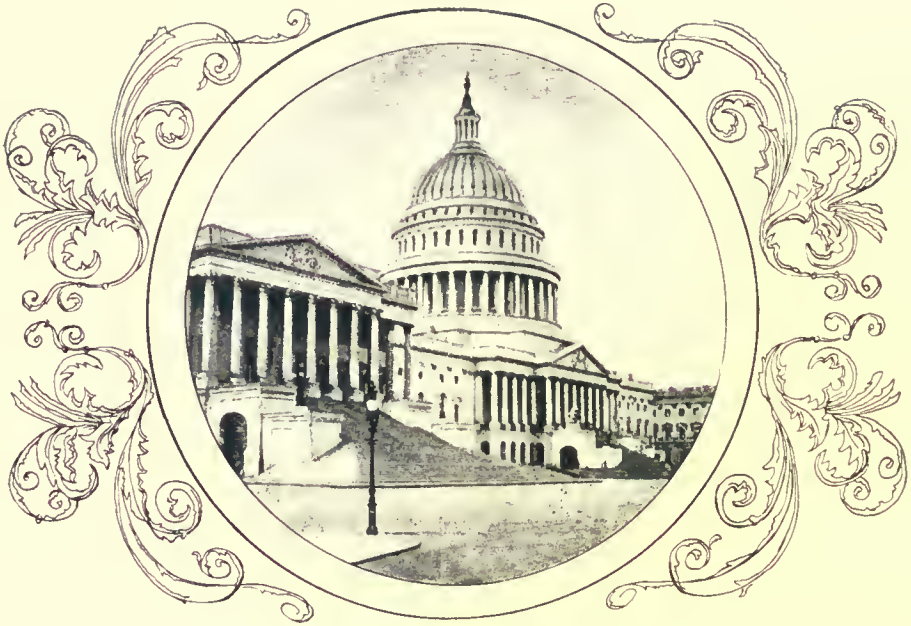
Texas.

From photographs by Soule Photo. Co.

The Capitol.
Washington, D. C.

"Underneath yon dome."

Lines, afterwards entitled Washington.



White House.
Washington.

"In Washington."

Letter.

Mount Vernon.

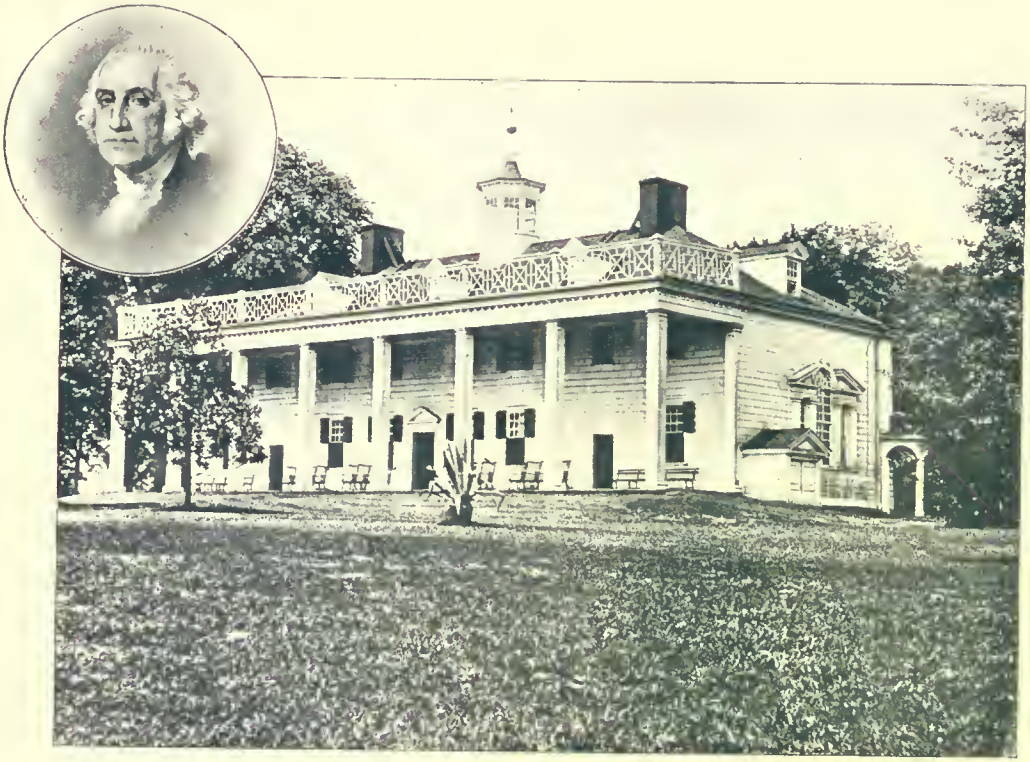
Virginia

"Hark! the low murmur: Washington."

Yorktown.

"Breezes from Mount Vernon blowing
Above the Nation's council halls."

The World's Convention.



Tomb of Washington.

Mount Vernon.

"On Mount Vernon's grave."

The Panorama.

Potomac River.

From Mount Vernon

"Broad Potomac."

Pennsylvania Hall.

"On Virginia's shore."

Cassandra Southwick.

General Samuel Chapman Armstrong.
General George Armstrong Custer.
Rain-in-the-Face.

"St. Gregory's Guest" was dedicated: "To Gen. S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Va., whose generous efforts and self-denying labors for the elevation of two races have enlisted my sympathies and commanded my admiration."

"Straight into a slaughter pen,
With his doomed three hundred men,
Rode the chief with the yellow hair.

O Hampton, down by the sea!
What voice is beseeching thee
For the scholar's lowliest place?
Can this be the voice of him
Who fought on the Big Horn's rim?
Can this be Rain-in-the-Face?

O chief of the Christ-like school!
Can the zeal of thy heart grow cool
When the victor scarred with fight
Like a child for thy guidance craves,
And the faces of hunters and braves
Are turning to thee for light?"

On the Big Horn.

John Milton.

In 1887, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, offered to defray the expense of a Milton Memorial Window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. Archdeacon Farrar, who took the matter in charge, wrote to Mr. Childs: "Mr. Lowell wrote me a quatrain for the Raleigh window. I can think of no one so suitable as Mr. J. G. Whittier to write four lines for the Milton window. Mr. Whittier would feel the fullest sympathy for the great Puritan poet, whose spirit was so completely that of the Pilgrim Fathers." This letter was forwarded to Mr. Whittier, who accepted the invitation and composed the following lines:

"The new world honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure."

Archdeacon Farrar wrote to Mr. Whittier a letter of thanks ending: "I think that if Milton had now been living, you are the poet whom he would have chosen to speak of him, as being the poet with whose whole tone of mind he would have been most in sympathy."

Robert Burns. Fredrika Bremer. William Wordsworth.

"Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant."

Burns.

'Seeress of the misty Norland,
Daughter of the Vikings bold,
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,
Which thy fathers sought of old!
Heart and ear, we long have listened
To thy saga, rune, and song,
As a household joy and presence
We have known and loved thee long."

To Fredrika Bremer.

"How welcome to our ears, long pained
By strife of sect and party noise,
The brook-like murmur of his song
Of nature's simple joys!"

Wordsworth.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, died at dawn, Sept. 7, 1892. His last words were, "My love to the world." His grave is in Union Cemetery, Amesbury, Mass.

Inscription on the back of the headstone:

"Here Whittier lies. O. W. Holmes."

"Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace."

The Red River Voyageur.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
1807 —— 1892

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